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Stolen Twins



adventure

kidnapping

twins

49 4 7

Chapter 1 by Alysha

~Willow~

Willow Black finished her homework in a hurry, shoving it into her backpack and smiling to herself. She had the whole weekend to herself, with her parents on vacation. She stuffed her phone in her pocket, grabbing her house keys and heading out onto the sunny streets of Malibu. As she looked back at her parent's mansion, she couldn't help but grin. Willow was a lucky girl, born into a family of such wealth, and being a only child had its benefits.

As she finished the short walk along the street to her friend Bridget's house, she smiled again. Not everybody was as lucky as she was.

Little did she know, the most unlucky of all was her own twin sister.

~Sawyer~

Sawyer Vincent coughs as she ducks into the alleyway, placing the dollar bills she had swiped from that rich man's pocket onto the top of the box. The man behind the box smirked at the sixteen year old, handing her the torn picture she was promised. she can't help but smile at the

girl in the picture. Her twin, at ten years old. They must have looked exactly alike, minus

Sawyer's mass of matted black hair. See more of Story Wars

If she ever met her twin, v
a poor girl from the streets. Sawyer

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from Malibu, friends with

Sawyer shoves the picture in her pocket, looking up at the man, "Pierre, when will I ever meet my twin?"

He scoffs, "When you pay me back for saving your life!"

Chapter 2 by -



~Willow~

"Ahh, this is the life!" Willow flopped over on her stomach. The towel was damp and sprinkled with sand, but she didn't care. She was sipping lemonade on the coast.

The sun was scorchingly hot. Birds were chirping above. And the waves were bringing refreshment.

"Hey dear, dad and I are going back to the beach house. I am going to be so red tomorrow!" Mrs. Black shook out her towel and waved "See you later" to Willow.

"See ya." Willow pulled out her phone and scrolled through her photos. Her finger stopped at the picture of a little girl. She had a lot of black hair. But there was something in her face that fascinated Willow. She had uploaded a photo of when she was a child to her phone. And She would compare the two endlessly.

"Ugh... This is so dumb! Somehow, I feel like I should meet this freak!"

When Willow was six, she had some sort of accident. Her "parents" wouldn't tell her what. She just woke up one day in a beautiful mansion. This phone was still in her pocket. The only link between Willow and her previous life. As a result of the accident, she had lost all remembrances of her life before then.

So to her, Mrs. and Mr. Black were her mom and dad. The mansion in Malibu was her home. And right now, she was on one of the best vacations.

Chapter 2 by Alsha Kruger



Let's get this thing moving

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